Perrysburg Journal.

ED. L. BLUE, Editor and Proprietor.

PERRYSBURG. : : OHIO

MY SUBJECT.

I have searched in vain for a subject
To which my muse would be kind,
Many visions grave and gladsome
Came crowding through my mind;
But they bring no inspiration
To my weary brain or heart,
No sweet and fragrant flower of thought,
The sluggish muse to start.

Ah, but yes their is a subject,
Ever old yet ever new,
Like a strain of mellow rapture,
Set to music sweet and true;
Like a glimpse of golden glory
From the heavenly home above,
Which tenderly thrills in every heart,
The magic chord of love.

When the day's bright rosy vision
Softly sinks to twilight gray,
When the children's merry laughter
Hushed and weary is from play,
Little dimpled hands are folded,
Voices tuned to prayer above,
And the infant steps are guided
With a wealth of *mother love*.

Twilight's faintly tinted beauty
Fades to dusky purple night,
Bright the gleaming lamps of heaven
One by one appear to sight;
Then the maiden from the casement
Watches the bright stars above,
Dimples, blushes, as a footstep
Thrills her *girlish* heart with *love*.

Slowly the night's hours are passing,
Glistening stars have fainter grown,
But the moon's soft silver radiance
Shines majestic from her throne,
Rests upon a patient watcher,
With a comfort from above,
As she eases pain and sickness
With her crown of *wifely love*.

Soft the darkness of the midnight
Changes to the morning gray,
And the rosy flush of sunrise
Tells the coming of the day;
But the watcher's task is over,
For the soul has gone above,
And the dead face calmly smiling,
Tells the grandeur of *God's love*.

Thus it is in life's long journey,
There is need in every soul
For some love however humble,
To make life a perfect whole;
And no heart so cold or hardened
But with love must sometimes bound,
Ah, the poet says it truly,
Love does make the world go round.

—L. Elizabeth Betts, in Journalist.

THE JOCKEY'S STORY.

How He Was Revenged on His Inhuman Employer.

I was a jockey, and they used to tell me, a tolerably good one, but I no longer claim the turf as my profession, or whatever you are amind to call it, and on my leaving the track this story hangs.

It was a good many years ago that I quit—a mere boy at the time—though my experience among men had made me seemingly older than I really was. I was pretty well acquainted with the ways of the world so far as comes within the opportunity of one mostly associated with horsemen and horses, with their attendant surroundings.

Though but a jockey—in general, a creature to be kicked and cursed—I was not unlike many others of the human kind. I cherished the feeling of revenge, and for months, yes years, had lived to gratify it. The person upon whom I longed to wreak my vengeance was the man for whom I had ridden ever since I knew how. I had waited for the opportunity for—I can scarcely remember how long—ever since one day when I had a brother, a brother that I loved possibly as well as others who aspired to a higher niche on the social, yes, even the moral, scale.

Willie, little Willie, that's what I always called him, though the others said "Little Bill." I used to think I was more like a father to him than a brother. He was so small, and I used to think he oughtn't to have been a jockey like me. I taught him to ride, how to handle his horses on the track just as well as any of us—yes, better, for when he was in the saddle they would, it seemed like, strain every nerve just to please him. You see, even the horses loved him. He was such a quiet little fellow, and so sort o' affectionate, they couldn't help it. And I reckon that's one reason why I was kinder to him than I would have been had he been a rough fellow—like me. When I think about Willie, as we were in those days, I always feel sad—how proud we used to feel of each other when either had won a great race, and how every month we'd get together in our little loft and fix up our money to send home to mother and little sister—that's one reason we were jockeys. Then the promises and resolutions we'd make about keeping away from bad company till we got home; how we'd resolve to be honest always to our employer, and not let any body or any body's money come between us and our duty to him; how we used to pet the horses together, till they all knew us and understood our voices almost as well as we did ourselves.

But that was all changed—changed in a moment of passion by the man we had served so faithfully; the man for whom we had won laurels and fortune, and whose confidence had never been broken or betrayed, or whose commands had never been disregarded.

One day Willie lost a race—one that Mr. Wharton, our employer, had set his heart on winning. He had almost won it when his horse stumbled and went down. Mr. Wharton was furious. All in a passion he ran to where the two lay in a heap, and as Willie was getting up struck him a terrible blow with his heavy whip. The blow and the shock of the fall was too much for him and it wasn't many hours before he passed away to find his home among the white steeds of Heaven. He never recognized any of us, and passed away just like he was going to sleep.

I was to be avenged.

At last the time had come. Ever since that awful day I had remained with an old employe, awaiting the day when I should be able to avenge the cruel slaying of my little jockey brother.

The opportunity had arrived, and for my long waiting I was none the less determined.

It was the last day of the great racing season at ——, and the closing day was to be the greatest of all, the interest of the whole season being centered upon it. It was to be the climax of the sporting season, and between its suns fortunes would be won and lost.

Randall, the horse that I was to ride, I knew was the favorite, and on his victory heavy odds were offered. On every tongue were praises of his beauty and swiftness, and on every hand he was heralded the victor. I knew all this and was satisfied, for I knew that we would do our best—Randall and I.

"Bob," said Mr. Wharton, calling me aside on the morning of the race, "Randall must not win. I have played my fortune against him. If he wins I am ruined—completely. Even the horse himself is on his own defeat. Now remember."

"All right, sir; I'll remember," I said, with a strange feeling of excitement passing through me.

This was the opportunity I had waited and longed for. I would win—I would repay him for his cruelty. Eagerly I ran to the box where Randall, who was to carry me to victory and vengeance, was locked. He was truly a noble animal, almost human intelligence beaming from his flashing eye. Often had I ridden him, and often had he responded willingly to my urging. Would he fail me this time? No, it couldn't be with such little, sinewy limbs, such a deep-set, powerful chest, and withal such intelligence, he could not fail. As I gently caressed him the noble creature seemed to understand that he was all in all to me then. His playful little neigh of recognition was a better assurance than any other that he would do his uttermost for me.

Caressing and talking, I remained by his side until the grooms appeared to equip him for the track. I was loth to let him go even then, for there was no telling what might be employed to make sure that he would not win; there was twenty times more money on his losing than would buy two of his breed.

It was time to mount. All about the stables was confusion. Horsemen were gathered in groups talking earnestly on the probabilities of the race, some referring to tablets to see just how much they had ventured on their favorites. Grooms were hurrying hither and thither with blankets on their arms and pails in their hands; a small army of jockeys engaged in an animated criticism of their followers who were to ride the great race, while occasionally some devotee of the turf and patron of the bookmaker more excited than the rest, would rush up for an instant to inquire after the condition of his favorite. Another asked about the rider, while others, with a knowing wink, inquired if every thing was "all right."

The multitude in the stand was getting impatient at every turn. Nothing was thought of or talked of but the great race and the merits and demerits of the horses and riders. Ladies had their favorites, with ready pin money to back them. Neighborly wagers of money or what not were freely offered and as freely taken. Even the little urchins that fought each other for places around the rails, hazarded their nickels and dimes on the red cap or the buff jacket.

About the bookmakers' offices the excitement was at fever heat. Men crowded and pushed and elbowed their way to get a glimpse of the latest offerings, and here and there the enterprising sharper would button-hole his prey and allure him with the offer of a "straight tip." Old rounders eyed their tickets as narrowly and with as much delight as a child with a new toy. Young men that had never before wagered a cent eagerly asked for takers of bets against the favorite, and money flowed as freely as water.

Suddenly there was a moment of silent expectation, then a waving of hats and fluttering of handkerchiefs, followed by a shout that echoed again and again through the neighboring fields and woods.

The horses had appeared upon the track; down the stretch they came toward the stand to receive their places from the judges with jockeys sitting as gracefully and as firmly as though a part of the animals themselves. Another thunder of applause as the announcements were made. Thirteen horses to start and every one of them as swift as the winds, the perfection of breed and training, their long, sinewy bodies fairly quivering with excitement. No wonder that the vast throng held its breath when the start was made.

Randall was on every tongue. Thousands of dollars were behind him and as he pranced and quivered under me I thought again and again, "the time is come; will he be equal to it?" I tried to be cool and collected, but who could at such a moment and such a place, astride of such a noble animal and with thousands of eyes and minds bent upon him—who, with all these could remain insensible to the thrill that pervaded animals and men?

My hand shook a little and my voice trembled some, as I stroked the horse's neck and endeavored to soothe him till the drum tapped. I well knew that all his efforts would be required. There were other horses every whit as swift, but I relied on his devotion, and thought that the others might know he was not to win.

Directly the judge's voice is heard. In an instant we are off, Randall and I at the very outer side. Lady Rose led off with the speed of the wind, just keeping her white nose in front of the others that came thundering on by her side. For a few seconds I was almost dizzy with excitement, not knowing exactly where I was nor what the chance. As we sped under the wire I had caught a glance from Wharton's eye. It was a glance that burned into my very brain and never for a moment faded till the race had been won and lost. It plainly told me of the frightful consequences that would follow any disobeyance of orders. He was a shade or two paler than usual and his agitation was plain from the way in which he nervously walked to and fro close to the rail. May be he mistrusted me—I never know.

On we flew, the very earth trembling and resounding beneath the mighty strides of the now thoroughly aroused horses. Gradually I became less confused, though my excitement grew more and more intense. I was a little behind as we rushed down the back stretch, then inch by inch Randall advanced to the flanks of the gray mare on his left around the next pole without no change, every horse panting and steaming with the effort. No whip or spur had touched my beauty's sides, he was but little used to either, and from me had never received any urging but a stroke on the neck with my open hand or a few words of encouragement.

"Steady boy; steady, now," as we neared the home stretch on the first half. I had been watching my opportunity, and now as we rushed down to the front of the stand, I dextrously dropped behind a few paces, and wheeling Randall across the fleeing flanks of the five or six that had kept the leading pace, placed him at the pole a length behind the superb sorrel, Lady Rose, who had kept her lead all the way round.

The race had but fairly begun; the last half was to tell the tale; as we crossed the wire not a shout came from the thousands of throats that belonged to the thousands of eyes that were riveted upon the flying horses. Fortunes and honors hung on the result, and probably lives—who knew?

Again we were nearing the back stretch, and still Randall was behind. Would he fail; no it could not be. Bending low in the saddle I gently patted his vein-covered neck.

"Now, Randall, now!"

Instantly the intelligent animal responded to my voice. With leap after leap—leaps that seemed to say: "I will not fail," he gained the side of the sorrel. Another and another, and he was at her neck. Now, the breath of his red nostrils hissed and struggled with the breath from her's. Another leap and his head was in the light. Then again I spoke:

"Faster, Randall, faster!"

As if understanding the very thoughts that burned my brain, he redoubled his efforts. Never a spur, never a cut from the whip, but only a few earnest words and a few light taps on the steaming neck. I turned in my saddle, and saw flaming nostrils of the gray and the sorrel.

"Faster, Randall, faster!"

Now we are clearly in the lead. Randall's tail is fluttering in the face of his pursuer. The wire is only a few yards off. Will he fail? No, for the race is ours.

But what will John Wharton say—yes, what will he say? What will the people say? Ah! I know what they will say. I hear it already as a burst of enthusiasm that wakes the echo of heaven comes to me as we rush on by. Yes, what will John Wharton say? What will the people say—and what will little Willie say as he looks down from his snowy perch above. Another outburst, then a stillness as if of death. I saw no more, heard no more, felt no more. All is a blank. What had happened? Had we lost, or was it the sympathy of the happy for the unfortunate that made the silence? I did not know; I could not understand.

* * * * *

When I regained consciousness I was in bed, with a long row of others on either side. There was a painful numbness in my arm and leg, or the place where those limbs should have been.

It was a hospital. The doctors told me how I came there: John Wharton was standing close to the railing when we passed under the wire—Randall and I—on that great day. We had won; he had lost. With a bound and an oath he sprang at Randall's head. That frightened him and caused him to fall. In an instant the other horses were upon us, trampling us beneath their iron feet.

I was picked up more dead than alive—and this empty sleeve and that crutch tells you why I am no longer a jockey.

And that was my revenge.—Adam Durant, in Atlanta Constitution.

A MATHEMATICAL DARKY.

He Can Neither Read Nor Write, But Arithmetic Has no Secrets for Him.

Sam Summers, the negro prodigy, was in town yesterday, and, as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a negro, thirty-four years old, without the slightest education. He can not read or write, and does not know one figure from another. He is a common, every-day farm-hand, and to look at him and watch his actions he seems to be about half-witted, but his quick and invariably correct answer to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he has submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answer. Some examples given him were: How much gold can be bought for $792 in greenbacks if gold is worth $1.65; multiply 597,312 by 13⅝. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these be sown the second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced at this rate in twelve years if 1,000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1,142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart seventy per minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are twenty pulsations counted before you hear it thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder? A commission merchant received seventy bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts; how many bushels did he receive? And so on. With Robinson's, Ray's and other higher arithmetics before them, those who have tested him as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moments' thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer. —Shelbyville (Ky.) Letter.

—A Chinese newspaper has been investigating the origin of foot-cramping by Chinese women. The practice is of very ancient date. Some affirm that it arose in the time of the five dynasties—that is, in the tenth century, A. D. Jao Niang, a favorite of Li Yu, the last emperor of these dynasties, tied up her feet with silk in the shape of a crescent moon, and all the other beauties of the time imitated her. The literature of previous dynasties does not allude to the custom.

OLD-STYLE DUEL.

General Davis Describes an Encounter He Once Had With a Judge.

In his racy book, "Recollections of Mississippi," General Reuben Davis gives the following account of a personal encounter he once had with a judge who had fined him for contempt:

"My patience gave way, and I felt myself in a perfect blaze of sudden fury. I had in my pocket a very fine knife with a long, thin blade. As I sprang to my feet I drew out this knife, opened it, and threw it point foremost into the bar, looking steadily at the judge all the while. My object was to induce the judge to order me to jail, and then to attack him on the bench. The knife vibrated, and the weight of the handle broke the blade near the handle. General S. J. Gholson and several others ran upon the bench beside the judge, ordered the sheriff to adjourn court, and carried the judge out of the court-room, while a number of persons seized me. * * * Judge Howry being withdrawn, prudent men among my personal friends condemned my action, and appealed to me to let the matter stop. I agreed to this. Intending to pass straight to my hotel, I saw Judge Howry come forward toward the place where I was standing. I awaited his approach, and when close to me asked him if he had intended by his fine to insult me. He said, "No." I then said I had been guilty of no offense to justify such an indignity, and requested some explanation. He replied. "I do not, sir, explain my official conduct to any man." In a moment I had slapped him in the face with my open hand. By some accident a claw-hammer had been left on the floor near-by; he seized this and struck at me violently, while I got from my pocket the broken knife and opened it. The blow of his hammer fell upon my head, cutting through my hat and several files of papers to the bone. I made another strike at his jugular with the corner of my knife-blade. This blow fell upon his jaw, and I seized him with my left hand by the collar and pushed my head into his face. He struck again with the hammer, breaking and depressing the outer blade of my skull bone but not until I had inflicted three more cuts upon his jaw. As we were pulled apart he gave me the third blow. I went to my room and sent the Judge a message not to leave his room unarmed as I would attack him upon sight.

The court met again that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before, to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat, with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person. I did not meet Judge Howry for seven years after this affair. I had gone to Pontotoc to attend the Federal court, and was sitting in a room with Roger Barton and Chancellor Chalmers when Chalmers was sent for from below. He soon returned and said to me: "I suppose, Davis, you care nothing now about that affair between you and Judge Howry?" I promptly replied that I thought nothing of it; that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice. Chalmers then said that Howry was below, and would be glad to come up to Barton's room. He did so, and I met him at the door, and we greeted each other in the most cordial manner. Until his death no two men could be more sincerely friendly than we continued to be. I shall always believe that he went down to his grave without finding out what led to our quarrel that day, and I am perfectly certain that I shall go down to mine in equal ignorance, unless he comes back to tell me."

NEW WATER DISEASE.

A Baltimore Man Attacked With Hydatid-cyst of the Liver.

A rare and serious disease, which is known as hydatidcyst of the liver, is being watched with great interest by the professors, doctors and medical students at the city hospital. The patient is a German, John F. Boisenbruch, and he is forty-four years of age. His disease is due to the ova, of a peculiar kind of tape worm which inhabits the dog and other animals. The ova find their way into the stomach of a man in drinking water and are thence carried to the liver by the blood vessels. The egg is about one-hundredth of an inch in diameter and the parts which develop it are found in the water on the ground and stick to the surface of vegetables uncooked to take the ova into the body. The animals from these ova, however, are not developed in man. The eggs once in the stomach of a man increase at an enormous rate. From the stomach of a man they are absorbed by the blood vessels leading to the liver. Here too ova form cysts or little bags around themselves, like the caterpillar in its cocoon. When this cyst is taken into the stomach of the dog it develops into the full-grown hydatid, which is one-quarter of an inch in length with a head one-sixtieth of an inch and having numerous little hooks and suckers.

Boisenbruch was admitted to the city hospital on October 25, 1889. He was a laborer at the Jesuit College, in Woodstock, and had complained of a dull, but severe pain in his right side since last spring. He had wasted away and lost nearly forty pounds of flesh. The doctors at the city hospital diagnosed his case and on November 14, Prof. Chas. F. Bevan, in the presence of Drs. B. W. Chambers, T. S. Latimer, W. W. Smith and John Branham, performed what has up to the present time proved a very successful operation. Prof. Bevan made an incision in the wall of the right side of the abdomen, just below the ribs and about a gallon and a half of pus was taken from the man's liver. The method of removing the hydatidcysts is by means of draining the liver, which operation is of modern surgical art. The pain of the patient before the operation was intense, the tumor in his right side having extended his liver nearly fifteen inches. The great pain seemed to leave him after the operation and he now appears to be recovering.—Baltimore Letter.

—Stout officers are unknown in the United States army. No man weighing over one hundred and sixty pounds can join a cavalry regiment, while officers in the general service are liable to be retired for obesity.

BEAUTIES OF A FLAT.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs Get Their Liver Supply Under Difficulties.

"These flats are the nicest things ever invented," said the landlord, as he showed Mr. and Mrs. Boggs through the rooms. "You observe the system of electric bells and speaking-tubes in the vestibule. Well, for instance, your visitor calls and touches the bell. You speak through the tube, find out who it is, touch this button, the street door flies open and your visitor comes right to your apartments. No trouble, no nothing. Every thing moves like clock-work—just as easy and perfect as any thing you ever saw. And here is the dumb-waiter. Observe how nicely this works. The shopman calls, goes into the cellar and sends your meat, groceries, bread or what-not right to your flat. No trouble anywhere. I tell you, you will find it like paradise to live in a flat."

Then Mr. and Mrs. Boggs moved into the fourth flat and were much delighted with the prospect.

"Oh, there's the bell," said Mrs. Boggs gleefully, the first time it rang after they had taken possession of their new home. "Do let me answer it; it will be such fun to speak through the tube."

But it wasn't as funny as she thought it would be.

"The Jones don't live in this flat," she called. "This is Mr. Boggs' flat. No, I don't know where Jones lives. Read the name plates and you can see which is his flat. No, I can't open the door for you. You see, I don't know who you are."

"The idea of that fellow ringing our bell when he wanted Jones," said Mrs. Boggs as she came away from the tube, very red in the face from her exhausting conversation through the tube.

She had got comfortably seated when the bell rang again. Again she went to the tube.

"What is it?" she called.

"It's the wash-lady with Mrs. Smith's clothes."

"Mrs. Smith doesn't live in this flat," screamed Mrs. Boggs, with her lips in the tube.

"Do you know what flat she lives in?"

"No. We are strangers here."

"If you open the door I can find Mrs. Smith's flat."

"Read the name-plates and ring her bell, suggested Mrs. Boggs.

"I can't read."

After five minutes' conversation, Mrs. Boggs finally said:

"I'm very sorry, but, really, I do not think I ought to open the door. You see, I do not know you and I might be doing wrong. Good night."

Mrs. Boggs sunk into a chair with just strength enough left to exclaim: "Did you ever!"

As she sat there panting for breath there was a long, loud whistle from the tube in the cellar.

"For pity's sake, Mr. Boggs, will you answer that whistle? That 'wash-lady' has completely unstrung my nerves."

So Mr. Boggs took a turn at the cellar tube.

"Hello, what do you want down there?"

"I'm the boy from the butcher's and I've got the liver."

"Well, I don't care if you have the liver and the lights, both. Why don't you send it up?"

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"The 'dummy' won't work."

"I guess its you that won't work," and Mr. Boggs jerked open the dumb-waiter door, grabbed the rope with both hands and gave it a fearful jerk. It didn't move. Then he gave it a long steady tug. Still it didn't budge.

"Confound you, down there. What are you doing to this dumb-waiter?"

"Ain't doin' nothin' to it," piped the boy.

"Well, do something to it. Take an axe, take any thing; smash the confounded thing loose some way or other."

But the waiter wouldn't work, and after fifteen minutes of wild exasperation Mr. Boggs commanded the boy to carry the liver up-stairs, as they wanted it for breakfast.

After waiting what seemed to Mr. Boggs a week for the boy to announce his arrival at the front door by touching the bell, he said to Mrs. Boggs, who was watching the proceedings with wild-eyed interest: "Confound that boy, I wonder if he has run off with the liver?"

"Just hear that infernal imbecile," he exclaimed, as he sprang to the tube and yelled through it at the top of his voice.

The boy called back that it was dark in the vestibule and he couldn't see the names.

"My name is Boggs," shouted that gentleman.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Boggs, quietly, "what difference does it make whether your name is Boggs, or Scroggs, or Joggs, so long as the boy can't see to read it? What you want to do is to open the door and let him in with the liver."

"Open the door yourself, Mrs. Boggs, if you know so much about it," exclaimed Boggs in much heat as he fled from the tube. "Open the door yourself, I say, and let that gibbering idiot come up here with that liver at his peril. And as for the landlord, who had so much to say about this beautiful system of electric bells and speaking tubes, I'll murder him on sight," and Mr. Boggs plunged into bed.—N. Y. World.

He Made it Right.

A boy about ten years old was yesterday observed to drop five postage stamps into one of the letter-boxes in the post-office, and as he turned away, a gentleman asked:

"Why did you do that?"

"To make it all right," was the reply.

"How all right?"

"Why, I dropped five letters in here yesterday without any stamps on. We do business in chattel mortgages, but we never try to beat a post-office.—Detroit Free Press.

—A resident of Murfreesboro, Tenn., presented a ticket issued in 1855 on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad the other day and rode in a palace car on the same bit of pasteboard that would have secured him passage in one of the clumsy coaches of thirty-four years ago.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Baptist mission work in Cuba continues to prosper remarkably. There are baptisms every week, and the work is favored by many of the officials and educated people.

—Archdeacon Farrar says that civil engineering in England is twenty-five years behind that of America. He demonstrates the sincerity of his belief by sending his son to an American college for his training in civil engineering.

—A new movement has been inaugurated in the diocese of Exeter, England, in accordance with which the bishop designates one of the canons of his cathedral who shall devote all the time that can be spared from his cathedral duties to the advocacy of the cause of foreign missions throughout the diocese.

—A Christian tribe, surrounded by pagans, has just been discovered in the heart of Africa. They had never seen a white man. While their religious ideas are crude, still they have a priesthood, the cross and other emblems of Christianity. They are believed to have been exiled from Abyssinia about 800 years ago.

—The Presbyterians have a theological school at Saharunpur, India, which lately sent out a graduating class of seven trained native preachers, who are becoming pastors of native churches that pay their whole salary. This is the third class sent out by this institution, and during the coming year there will be over twenty students receiving instruction.—Examiner.

—The Russian Minister of Finance intends to tax the Protestant churches in the Baltic provinces. These churches have hitherto been exempt from taxation. This is one of the series of reforms by which the Government intends to thoroughly Russianize the old Baltic German institutions and to diminish the influence of the German Protestant clergy.

—The Christian life means at once much less and much more than we usually think. It means much less. We often think that in becoming Christians we must change in every part, our faces, our walk, our methods of intellectual operation. The old man and the new man are supposed to be two men as different as beast and bird. We forget that that old man and that new man are the same man.

—A missionary training school is now open at the Baptist Tabernacle, Boston, under the presidency of Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D. The object is not to interfere with existing educational institutions, but to supply to those who are called to missionary labor but are unable to avail themselves of the usual advantages, the best possible training to fit them for the work which they feel God intends them to do.

—A great revival in Methodist missions is going on in India. Rev. E. W. Parker reports that in the Rohilcund district 900 adults, all firm Hindoos and Mohammedans, were baptized the past year. Including children who were formerly baptized the increase in communicants has been over 1,300. There are 144 centers of work and 463 villages in which Christians live, the total membership being nearly 5,000.

—St. Paul, Minn., is to have a first-class manual training school; $50,000 has been appropriated for its erection, and the contracts have already been given out. There will be engine-room, foundry, blacksmithing, machinist, wood-turning, pattern-making, carpentering, joining and wood-carving departments, all equipped in the best possible style. It is expected to open the school next year with a full complement of 250 pupils.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is only the spendthrift and profligate that mortgages the future to the present.

—No one is satisfied with his own fortune nor dissatisfied with his own wit. —St. John Globe.

—Money makes the man in cases where the man has honestly made the money.—New Orleans Picayune.

—Perseverance overcomes all things; but the most persevering liver can not overcome time.—Drake's Magazine.

—Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—Emerson.

—The faults of the world can only be learned by a long acquaintance with it, and by suffering from that acquaintance. —N. Y. Ledger.

—The man who has dominion over himself is very great, but even he can not always control his youngest child.—Somerville Journal.

—The physical weakness of an acquaintance will call man's sympathy, but mental weakness only attracts his contempt.—Atchison Globe.

—The man who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living, finds it hard to collect even the interest on the debt.—Merchant Traveler.

—Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.—Chesterfield.

—Every association of men requires for its maintenance the spiritual principle of self-renouncing love, and requires it the more, the more solid and intense its life becomes.—Fremantle.

—A large part of the drill of life consists in overcoming hostile dispositions. Each time we have conquered some resentment or prejudice we have made a distinct gain in the way to a well-regulated behavior.—United Presbyterian.

—"There are two most valuable possessions which no search warrant can get at, which no execution can take away, and which no reverse of fortune can destroy; they are what a man puts into his brain—knowledge; and into his hands—skill."

—See that your child never leaves any task half done or slovenly finished; and therefore give not too many tasks, says the Christian Union. Thoroughness is the cornerstone of success. There is no place in the world now for smatterers, who know little and only a little, of every thing under the sun. There is always an honorable place for those who can do any kind of honest work in the best manner.